

SOMEWHERE OVER ENGLAND WITH A ZEPPELIN RAIDER



TWO HOUSES RAZED BY A BOMB THAT FELL BETWEEN THEM. ON THE LEFT MAY BE SEEN A BED FROM WHICH A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER WERE THROWN



A ROW OF HUMBLE HOMES IN LONDON WRECKED BY THE CONCUSSION OF AN EXPLODING ZEPPELIN BOMB THAT FELL IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

HOW is it that Zeppelins are able to reach the shores of England without being detected and to make successful raids on London? An answer to this question is given in a recent article in *Kriegs-Echo*.

Toward dusk, it says, Captain X of L-76 was ordered by long distance telephone to be ready in the morning to take his craft on a scouting expedition in the direction of Terschelling. Captain

X promptly telephoned the officer on duty at the shed, set the hour for departure and then proceeded to get a good night's rest. The hangar was alive with activity when the Captain entered the next morning. The crew, composed of two deck officers, twelve non-commissioned officers and a number of sailors, were putting the finishing touches to the giant dirigible under the direction of the officer in charge.

It is of interest to know that picked men only are employed in this work and that these are past their youth. It is levelheadedness, promptness and duty well performed that count in the aerial service, as neglect in any one direction may bring dire consequences in its train.

Captain X climbed aboard, took a last survey and nodded his satisfaction. Even the thermos bottles with hot tea had not been overlooked and there were plenty of sandwiches for every one in case of hunger. Sometimes, should the trip be longer than usual, the privilege of adding some frankfurters to the provender is not denied. These are quickly heated in an aluminum utensil held over one of the engine exhausts.

Upon being assured by the steersman that all of the needful charts were available the Captain took his post and gave the signal which threw open the great doors through which L-76 had to be safely guided before ascending skyward. At the command "Forward, march!" the men who had been standing beneath the Zeppelin, holding onto the hawsers that steadied her, towed the dirigible out into the open.

Like an anchored vessel turning with the tide so did L-76 veer with the wind. Now is the time to exercise caution, for unless handled rightly a sudden squall may tear so rigid a craft away from its insecure moorings and dash it to pieces almost at a hand's turn. This very thing has happened on several occasions when the Zeppelins were still in the experimental stage.

The wind was blowing a little too briskly when L-76 was finally clear of her shed and the men at the hawsers knew that the safety of the craft depended on them. The moment it died down to a gentle breeze Captain X gave the order to clear the stem and immediately the men released the cables attached to the nose of the craft. Now the Zeppelin was held down only by the hawsers that were fastened to the cars, and her long, rigid body swayed and tugged at the lines like an impatient horse anxious to get away. With the departing blast of the ship's whistle these ropes were let go of and simultaneously the officer in charge ordered engines full speed ahead. Almost like a shell fired from a gun the airship shot upward and away at amazing speed.

The Captain's cabin aboard a Zeppelin looks not unlike a similar compartment on shipboard. There, like the mariner in his chart house, the navigator of the air may be found bending over his maps or getting his bearings. But his calling is a more hazardous one and perhaps more trying. No matter how long the trip the officers at least are always on duty and it has been found that the crew, in their devotion to their

calling, rarely make use of the hammocks provided for them. All aboard wear fur lined leather suits and heavy felt shoes, for the air is cutting and bitterly cold, especially at high altitudes. To protect their eardrums from injury by the deafening noise of the engines the officers and men put antiphones in their ears.

From the very start the compass is used as a guide to navigation and the Zeppelin gets her bearings by "shooting the sun." But when the day is overcast and the vast sea beneath gives no hint as to the whereabouts, then only perfect airmanship and the instinct bred of training come to the rescue of the skipper. He takes not only the prevailing wind into consideration but also the changes to follow, because a strong gale blowing from the direction of his base may jeopardize his return home. With his eyes on the shadow of his ship and on a bit of drifting wood suspended beneath the car the officer, by aid of a stop watch in his hand, can soon determine the speed at which his craft is travelling and the nature of the wind.

Captain X is bound straight toward the northwest. Dotted on the waters beneath him are fishing smacks flying the Dutch colors. At 3 o'clock that afternoon his task is finished and according to orders his craft should be safely housed in its shed before nightfall. But the weather is most favorable; the temptation to make the best of it strong. "May I use my discretion as to the L-76's further movements?" reads the message just sent to Berlin by wireless. "Act on your own initiative" is the answer that comes flashing back through space.

Continuing in a northwesterly direction Captain X decides to make for the British Isles, and to escape detection ascends to an altitude of 1,800 meters. Land is not yet in sight, but far beyond on the distant horizon hangs a heavy pall of smoke that indicates a manufacturing town to the practised eye. Through an occasional rift in the clouds the airmen can see the destroyers patrolling the long chain of battle-ships guarding the coast of England. The Zeppelin has been guided aright and the goal is reached.

Keeping close to the shore line the L-76 hovers over the town at great height awaiting the shelter of dusk before making an attack. The favorable moment has arrived. The loud report of a gun tells the men aloft that the descending craft has been observed. While the Captain is carefully guiding the dirigible over the targets far below, the officers in charge are prone on the floor alongside their sighting instruments dropping bombs in quick succession.

Many guns are now trained upon the invader. One bomb has struck home and the air pressure caused by the resulting explosion rocks the cars of the Zeppelin. Lights are being extinguished everywhere and soon the fires that have broken out here and there are the only distinguishing marks in the town. The day's work is done.

Rising again to a protecting height the L-76 soars over the city for purposes of observation and then makes straight for home. The night is clear but bitterly cold. On reaching Helgoland the Captain descends 100 meters, and by the light of the prevailing moon and his knowledge of the coast line he steers his craft surely to the shores of Norderney. There he spreads out the official aerial map and by its aid flies overland to Halle.

ENGLISH HONOR MISS EDITH CAVELL



ALL England has recently done honor to the memory of Miss Edith Cavell, lately head of a training school for nurses in Brussels, whose execution by the Germans on the charge of assisting fugitive British, French and Belgian soldiers to escape aroused worldwide indignation. A national demonstration similar to that for Florence Nightingale was held in St. Paul's on October 30, and was attended by the greatest throng the old church has seen since the funeral of Lord Roberts over a year ago.

The King and Queen sent a personal message to Miss Cavell's mother, who was present, and Premier Asquith and other Cabinet members attended. It is proposed, as a permanent memorial, to establish an Edith Cavell home in connection with the London Hospital.

Miss Cavell was the daughter of the late Rev. Frederick Cavell, Vicar of Swardeston, near Norwich. She had devoted her life to nursing and in the course of her duties in Brussels had nursed many wounded Germans.

ZEPPELINS ATTACKING AN ENGLISH COAST TOWN.

IN SPITE OF THE GREWSOME NOTES OF WAR THE LONDON PAPERS ARE EXTRACTING SOME HUMOR FROM IT



"Oh, star of eve, whose tender beam Falls on my spirit's troubled dream." —Wolfram's Aria in "Tannhauser."



The world's mad "Joy Ride." The man who tried to keep pace with developments.



England's Costly Army—Recruiting Officer: "Married and eleven children? Why, hang it all, man! you'll cost as much as the Colonel."



"Business as usual."



The Examining Officer: "Whatever induced you to cross to our trenches?" Frits the Waiter: "I fear somepoddly call out 'Bill' and I rush ober t'inking it vos a customer."